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Editors of The Spectator

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GRADS HEAD FOR HOMECOMING TONIGHT

Alumni Wander, Wonder In New Seattle College

President of College To Welcome Grads

Graying grads will once again wander through the creaking halls of Seattle College when they return Friday night to attend the annual Homecoming Open House. Befreckled Bill Haines, co-chairman with Lorraine Eisen, has decreed that the affair will begin with Benediction in the Chapel at eight o'clock. Following this ceremony the President of the College, Reverend Francis Corkery, S. J., will welcome the guests. The Drama Guild promises to emote with its customary vigor and variety for the amusement of the men and women who were here when.

The gallant Inter-collegiate Knights plan to convoy the graduates through the halls of both buildings after the entertainment. This tour will be highlighted by club and departmental exhibits. The science, physics, chemistry, and biology departments will display the awesome if grisly products of their labor in the Science Building, and the other clubs will line the second floor of the Liberal Arts Building with their exhibits. A novel addition to the usual program will be the moving pictures to be shown by the adventurous Hi-Yu-Cole Club. A guest register will be placed on the first floor to record the names and addresses of the returning graduates.

"While the Homecoming Open House is primarily for the grads, all former students and friends of the College are more than welcome. All undergraduates should be present and they should also invite their parents to attend, as all the members of the faculty will be present and it will be an excellent opportunity for the parents to meet both the religious and lay members of the faculty," said chairman Haines.

Surveying Course Due For Spring Quarter Engineering Students

Dr. Drill, Dean of the Engineering Dept. stated today that the Fall Quarter had been more or less a sifting period for students to see if they were adapted to engineering work, and the present winter quarter Engineering students are the "cream of the crop," for they had the necessary mathematical background and aptitude to survive preliminaries.

The Doctor explained that next quarter will bring surveying as a Seattle College course with five transits being brought here by the beginning of the Spring Quarter. Also, all the machinery for the Engineering School is being cleaned and laid, ready to be put into use. Doctor Drill specifically mentioned the drill press and the shaper as having been cleaned and put into use.

"All students should enter the Engineering School with the intention of seeing if they are cut out for such work and if not, turn to some other field," said the Dean.

He further stated that the next course in Engineering begins with the Summer Quarter.

Gaveleers Will Tilt With W. S. C. Squad

Washington State College's travelling debate team has been invited to engage in public debate with the Seattle College squad under the auspices of the Gavel Club. The date for this affair has been scheduled for Friday, Feb. 6. Location for the debate is as yet unannounced.

SPECTATOR

Vol. IX.—No. 18.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1942

Z-800

Progress Hits New High In Subscriptions

Launching a gigantic drive, the Catholic Northwest Progress licked flame-like ahead in a scheme to shatter all past subscription altitudes in a new high as a feature of Catholic Press Month, it was told this week to the Spectator. Reaching into 37 diocesan parishes, nine bishop-appointed priests will scatter in a network to spread the Catholic Press message Feb. 8.

On Subscription

In a 272 word editorial the Progress glued the Catholic Press need . . . in combating the dangers of war-time . . . to its subscribers' minds. Urging Catholic to support "his" Catholic newspaper . . . by subscribing to it . . . and . . . patronizing its advertisers . . . the Progress pointed out its workings for Catholic Press Month. The plan to storm diocesan churches with dynamite convincing words is scheduled by Progress boosters.

Campaign Purpose

While dubbing February Catholic Press Month His Excellency, the Most Rev. Gerald Shaughnessy, S. M., Bishop of Seattle decreed in an official Progress announcement the campaign purpose . . . to place a Catholic paper in every home. Hoping for a campaign success the bishop said, "May we soon be able to acclaim our faithful as welcoming The Catholic Northwest Progress to every home with every member a constant reader."

The nine priests authorized by the bishop to start the propelling of the drive are the Rev. Father Hugh Gallagher; the Rev. Joseph Dougherty; the Rev. Edward McFadden; the Rev. Thomas Gill; the Rev. Gerald Moore; the Rev. Joseph Vogel; the Rev. Charles Kelly; the Rev. Theodore Sullivan and the Rev. William J. Power.

Daly Elected Money Man For Gaveleers In Unanimous Vote

Blond, retiring John Daly, who disclaims the epithet of politician, was the unanimous choice of the Gavel Club for the office of the treasurer of that organization at its meeting this week.

Daly stepped into the office vacated by Tony Buhr when Buhr was elected president of the club. Ruth Butler handled the installation of the two newly elected officers.

An open forum, led by diminutive Bertha Gleason and prexy Buhr, on "The plea of insanity should be abolished in criminal cases." Verne Robinson argued from the medical viewpoint, and declared all other arguments invalid. Napoleon Rousseau was called upon to give a true to life experience of his own as to insanity in criminals.

Warren Johnson and Bertha Gleason were appointed co-chairmen of the coming Gavel Club Mixer.

Also covered in the meeting was the discussion of and inter-collegiate debate with Washington State College to be held here soon, sponsored by the Gavel Club.

— DEAN'S OFFICE — Seniors Notice

All Seniors who not file their application for degrees by March 1st, 1942, will be charged a fee of \$2.00, for late application.

REGISTRAR'S OFFICE.

Mid-Quarter Examinations

Mid-Quarter examinations are to be held this week in all branches. Teachers should immediately inform the office concerning students whose progress at mid-quarter indicates the need of special help of warning.



Cut Courtesy of Seattle P.-I.

Miss Mary Ellen Petrich and Miss Ellee Mallon, two Seattle College Students, encounter little difficulty in establishing friendly relations with at least one representative of Latin American culture, Senor Israel Torrico, Bolivian consul.

Juniors Nervous As Alpha Sig. Nu Considers Pledges

With much crossing of the proverbial fingers, Junior Class men await anxiously the next Student Body meeting at which pledges of the Alpha Sigma Nu are to be announced. And not without cause, for this, the national Jesuit honorary, admits only those men who rank scholastically in the upper ¼ of their junior class and who have distinguished themselves for service and loyalty to the school as well.

Faculty members at present are busily perusing records of eligible males in preparation for the announcement of the worthy pledges. Singular exception to this rule of faculty election are two appointments made at the discretion of the president of the school. Father Corkery, if he so desires. These men, Seniors always, are not always chosen and then only if particularly outstanding and if for some reason, they were not admitted during their Junior year.

Father Beezer, moderator and final, supreme judge of candidates, turned a deaf ear to plea of elucidation on the forthcoming convention of the Jesuit Honorary.

Periodically, at four years intervals a meeting at Marquette University in Milwaukee brings representatives to the mother chapter there for discussion. The S. C. delegate will be chosen by his fraternity brothers and sent there at the expense of the school to learn of the activities of the

(Continued on Page 4.)

Black Cats; Hearts Rule Gavel Dance

Hearts and superstition combine in theme at the Friday 13th Gavel Club Mixer to uniquely entertain Seattle College dancers.

Committee co-chairmen, Warren Johnson and Bertha Gleason announced the Valentine and unlucky Friday theme combination was chosen because it offered a vast field of experimentation in decoration and surprises.

The Mixer has been scheduled for the K.C. Hall and the selection of an orchestra is still in progress.

Students are quietly awaiting the choice in view of the mediocre hands engaged lately at other college club functions.

Decorations for the novel mixer will be planned by Napoleon Rousseau, Ruth Butler, and Adeline Chamberlain.

Both Bill Moffat and Roscoe Balch are publicizing the dance in an effort to attract a record-breaking crowd.

Tickets are being distributed under the direction of Mary Dougherty and John Daly.

Refreshments Listed For Tenite's Guests

Homecomers will be ushered into typical college atmosphere tonight when refreshments are served in the College Cavern as an added attraction to "Open House."

Serving tonight are the members of the Silver Scroll, Seattle College Women's honorary.

Homecoming chairman, Bill Haines, has made arrangements to accommodate a crowd even larger than the one which made last year's Open House a success.

Prexy Mongrain Guest Speaker At St. Francis House

President Ray Mongrain of Seattle College Thursday night appeared as guest speaker at the St. Francis House of Hospitality, 4010 King Street. The topic of Mr. Mongrain's discourse "Student Attitude Toward Catholic Action" drew a lively discussion from both students and businessmen. In the course of his speech Mr. Mongrain treated on the student attitude toward labor unions, liturgical work, the training of women students for business and social work, and inter-racial relations.

MALONE SPEAKS

Also on the program for the evening was Mr. Ralph Malone, general manager of Totem Pontiac, who spoke on "Business and Morals." Mr. Malone is a prominent member of the Sierra Club, a Catholic business men's organization whose purpose is to obtain funds for the education of boys for the priesthood.

Among former speakers at the House of Hospitality were Dean McGoldrick and Father Christoff. Father Christoff says of the house, "St. Francis House is a place where one might easily expect to meet Jesus Christ, Himself." Scheduled to address the House on Feb. 12 is Father Thomas Gill, head of the Catholic Charities Society in Seattle. All are cordially urged to attend these interesting discussions!

Bottleneck Bill Moffat Fails To Obstruct Election; One J. Wm. Bates Disavows Political Aspirations

Exposing a plot to close A. S. S. C. nominations for the Vice-Presidency and the Advisory Board, students were stunned by the last Spectator edition and crowded one of the most unpredictable student body meetings of this year, last Friday at the K. C. Under a strong tension that shrouded the meeting, the nominations were carried out.

Tony Buhr was the first nominated for the Vice President. Before his nomination was seconded Bill Moffat jumped up and . . . Mr. President I move that the nominations be closed . . . before he finished a half dozen hands pulled him to his seat. Buhr's nomination was seconded but he immediately withdrew.

Bill Bates was proposed. Moffat moved that the nominations be closed. Bates nobly declined his nomination stating that he wanted no one to think (as had been shyly rumored) that he was using the Homecoming dance to forward his political aspirations. Then before the floor was cleared Bates nominated Bob

Lowden. Due to neglect or disgust he failed to renominate Lowden when the floor was open.

Small voiced Bill Moffat, who either took his supposed Advisory Board assignment too seriously or had ants in his respected pants, conscientiously arose after each candidate was proposed, to close the nominations, provoking laughter at first which slowly changed to disgust by his repetition.

His jumping-jack antics rather infuriated Mr. Terhar, a fellow judge, and Bill Bates. Mr. Bates requested that the meeting be taken seriously instead of treating the nominations as a farce. Chief Justice Terhar was so strong in his disrespect for Moffat that he was called out of order by Pres. Mongrain, when he told Bill Moffat to "quit taking the Spec. too seriously."

After a stormy session Nora Keavy, David Read and Tom Anderson were nominated for Vice-Pres. Whistling Manuel Vera was unanimously nominated for the position of Sergeant-at-Arms. In calm contrast the nominations

for Advisory Board were made. They included, Bud Feeley, Dona Moberg, Mary Jane Kelly, Ed Craig, and Phil Beglin from the Frosh class. Gene Voiland and Mike Hardiman from the Sophomores; and Ted Mitchell and Dick Walsh from Junior Class. Moffat moved the nomination closed after each one.

Frail statured Bill Moffat re-deemed himself as the hero, in a short hill-billy melodrama, with Lillian Perry and handsome Bill Orland, that was enacted to publicize Home Coming Dance.

While Bill Bates held aloft a basket, lovely Queen Ruth, drew the names of the 3 tickets to Winter Informal. Freshman Ed Ruddy and smiling Bill Stapleton were lucky. Emmett McKillop's ticket was cautioned off when he failed to claim it. With a fine bit of strategy, the ticket was auctioned off to Bob Odom for \$1.49 and 1 tax token.

At 12:10 Prexy Mongrain called for an adjournment motion, Bill Moffat quietly moved the meeting be adjourned.

Teachers Soon To Instruct Air Raid Wardens

Last Tuesday and Thursday evenings from 7:30 to 9:30, Seattle College played host to some forty Seattle citizens, as the burden of civilian defense instruction was transferred to the shoulders of those who should do it best—the Seattle teachers.

Recruits

Recruited from the grade schools, high schools, and colleges of the city, these teachers formed themselves into a unit designed and equipped to instruct the city's air-raid wardens in the proper technique for coping with bomb and gas attacks and other defense problems arising in their territories.

Leonard Directs

Under the general direction of Major Thomas Leonard, the meeting was directly supervised by Seattle architectural engineer Harry Powell.

The first discussion on Tuesday night was conducted by Mr. Schmalke of Garfield High School, who spoke on the nature and properties of toxic gases. After classifying gases according to their weight and persistency, Mr. Schmalke considered the problems of recognizing the presence of each gas, the effects of the gas on the body, and the recommended treatment.

Bombs

Mr. Muensch then took up the discussion, dealing with bombs. He treated of the penetrative and explosive forces of bombs, the combating of time bombs, magnesium bombs, thermit bombs, and oil bombs.

The talks on Thursday evening were delivered by Father Conway of Seattle College and by Mr. Bryd, vice-principal in the Seattle School system. Father Conway presented a discussion of the vital problems in home protection, explaining how basement rooms may be shored and sealed to lessen the dangers and casualties during air attacks.

Reports

Father Conway was followed by Mr. Bryd who explained the procedure that air-raid wardens are expected to follow in making their reports and in contacting the city's defense units.

To Instruct

The teachers who attended these conferences will now undertake to disseminate this information among air-raid wardens, to insure against panic and loss of valuable time owing to ignorance or faulty information.

Book Campaign Resembles A Shell Hole

In a Red Cross-U. S. O. book donation campaign, an empty box has been collecting books at S. C. during the last week. Books apparently believed thrown in the halls for the extensive drive were found to be library property.

Altho students were urged to bring books throughout the week, the empty book box in the hall Thursday night resembled an empty shell hole.

—DEAN'S OFFICE—

Volunteering as air-raid wardens, Father McGoldrick S.J. and Father Conway S.J. have been assigned to the territory between Broadway and 11th and from Madison to Marion, Dean McGoldrick revealed this week.

Record Crowd Expected To Mix Tomorrow

Souders' Band Plays To Good Neighbors

Latin America receives its collegiate salute tomorrow night when Seattle College climaxes Homecoming Week with its gigantic Homecoming "Good Neighbor" Ball.

Hundreds of graduates, students, and friends of the College will jam into the Civic Auditorium to celebrate to the music of "master trombonist" Jackie Souders and his popular fifteen piece band. Souders has had extended engagements at Seattle's Olympic Bowl, Rio Del Mar Hotel, 6 months in Honolulu and has played to record crowds at most of the other major hotels and theatres from Vancouver B. C. to San Diego, California.

Most recent engagement of the Souder's aggregation has been at the Crystal Room of the exclusive Winthrop Hotel in Tacoma. The band will feature specialties throughout a gala evening.

Feature of intermission time will be the elaborate distribution of scores of valuable prizes ranging from a 1942 Plymouth to tickets for theatres and diners.

Specialty awards are listed for the oldest grad, best looking college couple, and couple most typifying Seattle College.

Finale to intermission will be an exhibition in Rhumba rhythm portrayed by the finest ballroom team in the Northwest. The Desmond and Bernier Dance Studios are scheduling this event.

Celebrities from all walks of life are expected to attend. Consuls from many South and Central American countries have indicated they will be present.

Society and news reporters are to cover the dance for the major daily papers of Seattle.

Queen Ruth I (Ruth Brand) and her lovely court of princesses will be crowned in a spectacular coronation ceremony during the evening.

Tuxedos are optional for men at the ball while formal dresses are in order for the ladies.

Prefect of Studies Approves of S. C.

Father John Forster, S.J., General Prefect of Studies of the Oregon Province, visited Seattle College last week and voiced his regret that owing to the limitation of time, he was unable to visit more classes.

He expressed himself pleased with the procedures and standards established at Seattle College.

Amateur Nite Fails To Draw Big Crowd

Mu Sigma, the school's music honorary, blossomed forth last January 28th with their third Music and Amateur Night of this school year.

Playing before a small audience, which was composed mainly of Otis boys and girls, the Women's Trio, the Mixed Quartet, and Mr. Aklin's renditions, were all outstanding in their performances.

An intruder, in the person of the drummer boy, Manuel Vera, inveigled his way onto the Amateur Hour in the interest of advertisement for the Homecoming Dance by way of the mouth organ. He successfully removed Chattanooga Choo Choo and Tonight We Love from many favorite song lists.

The evening's prize—a dollar bill—was awarded in a close vote to Bill Moeller, who did a beautiful piano job on "Stardust" and "Tea for Two."

The remaining Amateurs consisted of Warren Johnson's clarinet presentation of the "Bells of St. Mary's", and "Song of India." Betty Loggins and Sterling Miller gave vocal solos, and a banjo number was also included.

Accompanist for the entire affair was Rosie Bischoff.

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● noon swing shift?

Since the Publicity Committee for Homecoming serenaded the patrons of the College Cavern with swing music via juke box records all this week, it is being widely debated whether a permanent nickelodeon should be installed in the lunchroom for the pleasure of the diners.

The Spectator, considering the problem of "do we or don't we" have a juke box, takes a surprise stand for the first time this year on any controversial issues by saying, "We don't give a 'Whoop' one way or the other."

● greetings, grads

● dawn comes early

kumhera's kandid komment

Open house is a wonderful thing. Old Grads lose that man-of-the-world manner and blissfully remember the good 'ol days, completely forgetting those hectic hours of cramming . . . those 8 o'clock classes . . . cold water and no soap . . . ! Forgotten is that feeling of being completely flat . . . absolutely without a copper, and the Informal but a week away . . . Lost in the haze of yesterday is even that dreadful despondency following the discovery that the girl of his choice already had a date and he had to ask the girl who took him to the Turnabout. . . .

Old Grads huddle for a moment and as a young thing from the Class of '45 walks by, they murmur in a don't-look-now-but-did-you-see-what-I-see tone of voice, "What is this, a grade school?" And all nod their heads wisely because at the time Father McGoldrick isn't around to remind them that when they learned the fundamentals they weren't exactly bristly-chinned Paul Bunyan's themselves!

And as for the potential grads of S. C.? Oh, they raise a respectful eyebrow and with a sudden spurt of magnanimous pity murmur . . . "Gee, kid, d'ya suppose they ever had any fun here in those days?" And they shake their heads sympathetically because Father Peroneteau isn't there to tell them that their class could be called the height of lethargy compared to that rip-roaring class of 2- or 3- . . . !

And then, (if we must go on) in a little while the Freshmen will be old Grads and the old Grads will be older still but everyone will be happy so what the heck are we worrying about!

After tomorrow comes Sunday and after Sunday comes Monday and Monday is the day when white is black and black is white just because Uncle Samuel sez it's so.

Before you commence complaining, give your aesthetic adrenalin a chance to contact. Just think . . . you could watch day break and splinter into a hundred different hues to the tune of "a partnership must be a voluntary association of two or more individuals" You could be an eye-witness to the sun's stealthy creep over the Olympics to the rhythm of "he hablado, has hablado, ha hablado. . . ." And think of the marvelous repertoire that one could expect from Father Nichols.

"Can't you just conjure a mental picture of our little Joan of Arc making a gallant effort to pierce the blanket of darkness with her trusty cigarette lighter . . . fighting her way to the municipal bus against all the elements of nature . . . until, finally, after hours of struggle she falls upon the front steps of the Liberal Arts Building, and into her class, only 54 minutes late . . . !"

Getting before-the-bell-rings sums up the situation, we discovered that J. J. Kohls is really worried about that lost hour . . . that Gene Gibbons is considering a little investment concerning a flash light for those early morning walks . . . Ed Hardman plans to figure it all out on the slide rule and Bill Stape isn't certain that he can swing it. The poor boy has an 8 o'clock class . . . five days a week! Gene Tardiff never gets there for his eight o'clock anyway, so we didn't ask him what he thought. . . . Ray Mongrain is a little too concerned about a Prom invitation from Holyoke College in Massachusetts to worry about such trivial things . . . and after seeing her picture we don't blame him! . . . Mary Ellen Beyer sez that it's jake with her and Phyllis Masker is just laughing it off . . . while Fritz Versher . . . while Fritz sez that he's just in the dark about the whole thing!

Anda Donde? A lo balle, lo creo! But definitely. Tomorrow night . . . anytime past nine . . . see you . . . there? Oh, lo creo, lo creo, lo creo, (somebody told us that it meant of course . . . we hope) Good luck Petrich and Bates . . . we hope you won't need it . . . and we don't think that you will! Bye again. . . .

● kidnapped
● bend down, sister
Informally . . .

By Mary Ellen Beyer

Throughout America there are hundreds of medical clinics where people with moderate incomes are able to receive advice and treatment for a small fee. Why couldn't legal clinics be conducted on the same plan? thought William Weiss, a successful New York corporation attorney.

When Weiss became afflicted with a disease that confined him to a wheel chair ten years ago, he established the first legal clinic. Since then lawyers all over the nation have become interested in Weiss' legal clinic idea.

The case of the frantic young husband illustrates the type of legal counsel Weiss gives at his clinic. One day Weiss picked up the telephone receiver to hear the frantic young husband inform him in an excited voice that a local hospital was holding his wife and infant son until the bill was paid. "I can't make payment for a month," cried the young man. "What should I do?"

"All right," replied Weiss. "Ask the superintendent for a release once again. If he refuses, borrow his phone and call the police. Tell them your wife and child are being held for ransom."

It worked. The relieved young husband and father had his family home within an hour.

Weiss charges a \$1.00 fee to most of his clients who seem to need sympathetic, common sense advice more than anything else. For the good of those who cannot afford to hire a lawyer, legal clinics should be established. They might prevent people from themselves into a muddle, the kind of a muddle they're in when they sign garnishees for their own wages, for example.

Stiff Upper Chin

Individuals who strove to have a slender waistline and attempt to get it by taking reducing preparations, usually meet with little success. Small wonder, for the ingredients of such products have been found to be worthless in the treatment of obesity. What can beeswax, soap, charcoal, and starch do to help the situation? Yet many persons continually buy reducing preparations made of these products, plus a liberal amount of water. We live to learn.

Plato

Did you ever wonder why George Washington always looked so serious in his pictures? It seems that Washington got toothaches so often that he had to have all his teeth extracted. A silversmith made him a plate, but it fitted so imperfectly that he could hardly close his lips. During his earlier years, Washington's facial expressions indicated a love of gaiety, and repose, not severity.

● bunion beater

**Hobnails In
Stanza Form**

The following poem of praise to the Hiyu Cole was submitted to us by Mr. Don Nelson, enthusiastic leader of the Hike Club. Now, Mr. Nelson is a hiker of the first water, but the question is: are his literary efforts also all wet? We commend to the judgment of Spectator readers this gem of literature. We insist that we like Mr. Nelson, anyhow.

HIKER'S HOLIDAY

Hes' sturdy of limb
And stout of heart
He'd rather walk
Than ride in a cart.
Yes, he's a hiker.

Then comes his day
Of repose and rest
If he were just normal
He'd take a siest,
But, no he's a hiker.

Up at six
And off to Mass
Through St. Peter's Gate
He hopes to pass
(But not on foot!)
Of course, He's a hiker.

Then off he goes
To a fine big truck
Which'll carry him far,
To the Mountains, with luck.
Sure, he's a hiker.

And I'll make you a bet,
Of course you can say
What he'll be doing
Thru the live long day
Surprise! he'll be hiking!

And thus we know
What a hiker does
If he's true and sincere
To that wonderful cause
You betcha! he goes hiking,
DON NELSON

★ **feature** ★

● legal clinic
● powder room pandoras
● master spirit lifeblood

editor ● b. j. dunham

art editor ● betty kumhera

associate editor ● mary ellen beyer

● homer 'n quiz kids

**Windmills Will Still Be
Tilted Though Foyle Be Forgot**

● comp class bat

No Man's Land

By Dona Gene Moberg

Nine minutes remain until the next class. With elated soul, I rush from room 118, ignoring Mrs. Leonard's astonished gaze, and the greet-



ings of my classmates. Like a bat out of "Comp" class, I skim the steps to the second floor, and fearfully fly past the opening class room doors. If I reach the women's room before my fair sisters descend on it like a horde of grasshoppers, I will have one corner of the mirror to myself. Frantically I clutch the brass handle of the door only to have it open in my face with considerable force. By the time I have peeled myself from the adjoining locker, bevy of babbling beauties are streaming by into the object of my struggles. With renewed vigor and not a little indignant I wedge myself between petite Mary Witscher and gum-chewing Helen Brown and let the struggling tide of femininity bear me as far as the mirror. Well, only nineteen birds of paradise are preening themselves in front of me and chattering like chimpanzees. As I wait patiently with one foot in the waste basket and both hands full of other people's books, I gaze at the broad expanse of mirror near the ceiling where it can be of no possible use to anyone short of a Paula Bunyon and dream of stampeding the lasses in front of

(Continued on Page 4)

Modern college students are "busy" when it comes to books. They haven't the time to pore over books that aren't required for their special courses. This is especially true of the more important books that the English professors call "literature."

Most of this is due to the accelerated standard of living with its deluge of printed matter constantly coming before the reader. Universal education and increased books have not made the college man a better reader.

You'll find (without much searching) students who are familiar with the latest stories in the Post or the American who haven't had time to finish "David Copperfield." Many have spent hours on current magazines like Time and Life, but have not read the great historical works that form the background of today's events.

Rare Bird

The student who hurried through Scott's Ivanhoe, then discovered that Sir Walter penned a whole shelf of books, and proceeded to read every one of them—is a rare bird now. The man with a hot interest in Blake, Donne, Francis Thompson or other writers not generally accorded a first place by critics was once familiar to



every college. His numbers are speedily dwindling. The greater novels of the past, while always interesting to the student of literature, are losing their hold on the populace. The film version of such stories as "Vanity Fair" or "Pride and Prejudice" will be the only way that even the college-degreed public knows the stories. As for the poets—the bells are tolling for them. All of them from

(Continued on Page 4)

● tea garden news

● hitler's stew

student observer

By BILL MOFFAT

This is the Catholic Press Month. It seems to call for some comment both on the nature of a Catholic Press and on the nature of the Catholic Northwest Progress.

Two Strikes

First of all, a Catholic press should be convincing in reporting the news of the Church and the views of the Church. It is apparent that there must be a Catholic Press to champion Catholic rights. A press that is frankly labelled Catholic and bears what amounts in the twentieth century to the stigma of a religious point of view, has two strikes on it before it picks up the bat. To have prestige and deal death to moral wrongs it must be written in a magnetic manner. It must attract the reader's attention and hold it right on through the last word on the last page. It is ridiculous to ask the people to support a press that is not worthy of the readers' intelligence; and it isn't intelligent to buy the same unarresting news each week.

Monitor

A high standard in a religious paper is not unattainable. A Catholic paper of San Francisco, The Monitor, grips the reader's attention octopus-like. Catchy words,

phrases, fiery opinions, denunciations of governmental wrongs made that paper and kept it soaring. A good paper can fight fire with fire. It has the obligation to print the truth, and the truth at times is hellish-hot.

Tea-Shoppe News

The pedestrian Catholic Northwest Progress, we feel, leaves much to be desired. Written in one of the most torrid centers of activity, the Tea-Shoppe news of the Progress is as flat, dull, and stale as last night's ginger ale.

When the Wendell Wilkie edition (not so long ago but long forgotten) stormed the U. S., the Progress earned a reputation as a real newspaper. But it soon turned over on its back and slid down the chute to the conventional and commonplace.

Celestial Ledgers

Regardless of one's sanctity, he approaches the Progress with trepidation and a feeling that his soul is undergoing a severe trial by newspaper. Heated plowshares become a welcome diversion. Even most pious Catholics find the paper fatiguing and for the most part, uninformative. They read it

(Continued on Page 4)

Bates Says . .

- cheese box
● eulogies

As co-chairman of the Homecoming Ball, it would be next to madness for me to disregard this opportunity for mention of that dance. Tomorrow nite is the Big Nite as far as Seattle College, its students, its grads, and its friends are concerned. The Civic Auditorium, no cheesebox of a hall, will, I hope, be well filled. Jackie Souders' famous band will supply the music and The Good Neighbor Policy will be the order of the day. Why not make this the biggest thing ever and have each S. C. student bring at least one other couple? In that way, we'll all have a good time, that new car which is one of the prizes will be given away, and joyousness will reign once more before we enter Lent.

TO ALL GRADS we say, welcome home! I'll bet some of you are a little surprised at S. C.'s new buildings, its new students and teachers. But you'll all recognize the famous old S. C. spirit. For further proof of that, come down to the Auditorium, and you'll be participating in the biggest College function that we have ever had.

Memories: Many of you remember the time Louis Sauvain, now a novice at the Jesuit Novitiate, Sheridan, Oregon, was invited by our Dean in his (the Dean's) own distinctive manner. Translated into Americanese, the Dean's invitation sounds like: "Step into me affice." Well, Lou was so invited, and loving the Dean, (as do we all) he accepted with alacrity. In the course of the conversation resultant upon the invitation, Lou and the Dean became embroiled in a fine distinction on the subject of credits. Loud and long did Mr. (now Brother) Sauvain bewail his scholastic fate. Finally, after the walls of the Deans' office began to bulge slightly, the Dean's Gaelic accents were heard. Very simply, very tellingly, the Dean reversed his former decision in Lou's regard and said: "Step OUT of me affice" Those of us who were witness to the whole affair found the emerging Sauvain in a strange emotional state. Slightly miffed at losing five credit hours and still



cognizant of the apparent humor of the situation, the Larupper finally broke down in gales of laughter repeating again and again: "Step out of me affice, step out of me affice Oh, that's the best yet." And it was.

The experience of working on The Spectator is one similar only to itself. There is no description of it employing parallels. Those of us who have had our hands in things journalistic can only gravely shake heads with ourselves and thank ourselves for having the initial courage to "sign up." Strange things can, and usually do, occur in the Spec office. Only the initiative knows of them; only the Spec member has the tales to tell and the memories to cherish. The underclassman is indeed wise to apply at the office for a post. Lowly though the beginning, all of the editors were, at one time, merely cogs in the wheel; all aspirants need only appear and a fair trial will be given them.

Those zealous and school-spirited students who have the time and desire to read all of The Spectator will have noted in last week's issue that Miss Keavy and I differed on our analysis of Miss Tamara Toumanova (accent on the second syl-

(Continued on Page 4)

● mortal coil

Accomplishment

By ED CRAIG

The long voluminous blasts of a departing freighter subdued momentarily the continued squawking of the sea gulls while a dislodged piling rode easily the incoming tide. A cold wind chilled clearly the January night and Jan Griffen, who stood staring at the blackened water below him; a frightened heldiver dived hurriedly into the depths and disappeared. Jan watched it.

Life had not been too long felt by Jan although it seemed that all of the troubles in existence had tumbled successfully upon the young shoulders. School was to have been a new life, a life apart and unrelated to the years before, but the life was the same. No evening passed and no night exhausted itself that didn't reflect in his thoughts and dreams a thousand times over those minutes which he had believed he would live but once. Oh yes, he had tried many means of distraction, but none of them proved true to definition, in every incident there was present a great clutching hand which grasped the wandering mind and dragged it, struggling and tormented, back into the seeming ever present state of fear and desolation. Now he realized the futility of such attempts, but what was he to do next? Would those mute waters below him absorb his troubles as it had a few minutes before the frightened heldiver. Why shouldn't it, there could be nothing wrong in destroying a life, destined to be unsuccessful and able only to draw other human beings into unhappiness. If only something would happen which would justify his presence on earth, but no—he was destined for failure.

Jan drew back from the edge of the slip and closed his eyes, trying vainly to hide or destroy the tempting thought. But for only a moment did he fight the temptation, he seemed to have no will power left. Again he stepped to the edge of the platform; in the distance a fog horn foretold mournfully the thickening fog.

He stood as if entranced, his expression blank except for the determined and half crazed gleam in the youthful blue eyes. The pilings creaked rhythmically; the fog rolled lazily about the shaded light, and a tug boat whistled shrilly its exaggerated might. Jan didn't hear it though, he heard nothing, a step closer, a glance downward, then as if some great cape had been lifted, his face was a mask of horror.

"Could it be real what he saw in those inky waters, why, it was impossible! But no, there it was again, he couldn't be mistaken " it seemed to call to him. A smile replaced the tortured features, and he leaped.

A few minutes later he swam, refreshed, up to the pilings, holding high out of the water a small sandy haired boy. Jan was happy, he had done something.

Within the next few days Seattle College will be going to the polls to choose their new Vice-President and class representatives for the Advisory Board.

In the past, elections have been taken much too lightly and as a direct result a laxity has existed in the methods of handling such elections. Those who are in charge of the polls seem to think that because a minimum of student interest is displayed they are also within their rights in being mildly interested in the task of conduction.

The Spectator suggests that a special room be set aside for holding the election and further that registrations be checked thoroughly at the time of voting. This will insure against the unpleasant results of past elections.

It is also necessary that a trustworthy and competent group be put in charge of the voting and counting of the ballots, if complete election efficiency is to be had.

The entire Catholic populace of the nation is now observing Catholic Press Month. It not only means that newspapers should be read, but it also means that all Catholic literature be read by the faithful.

It is both a duty and a privilege on our part to participate in this campaign.

DRAMA

CLUBS

MUSIC

Editor—Marjorie Staples

Timid * Katherine Cornell

"Just you wait till I'm grown up. I'll get even with those people for laughing at me!" This was Katherine Cornell's prediction when, as just a little girl, her father once tried to cure her of what he termed "stage struck ideas." Probably her most thrilling moment was back stage, the opening night of "Barrett Street," many years later, when that same father told her, "You've done it, Kit! Now you can take your place with the best of them."

This timid artist has always thought herself to be an ugly person. She was not popular as a child and had an instinctive fear of being hurt. She has not outgrown this strange and psychic sensitivity, "it has always been her principal asset as an artist and her principal liability as a person."

This foremost star of the times is appearing in Seattle this week in the play "Rose Burke," which was especially written for her by the French play-writer, Henri Bernstein. It had its world premier in San Francisco, January 18, 1942, just three weeks ago.

The play is centered around Rose, "a creative artist whose creations turns upon her and almost destroys her. She meets a part which demands all of her artistry and she turns it into an overwhelming drama!"

The following passages will help to emphasize what makes her the truly great person she is today, the realism and sincerity in all she does and how unspoiled she has remained.

"People ask me why I allow the gray in my hair to show. I don't dye my hair for the same reason that I don't use make-up off the stage. I prefer to be the way God made me. Surely I have the right to look as I want to in my private life."

She has a great love for the theatre, it is her very existence. Once when she was approached as to why she has not had a movie career, she replied, "You see, when I am on the stage I can feel something of my own spirit flowing out directly to the audience and mingling with their spirit — its like an electric current passing over the footlights and binding together actor and audience. No mechanism that has ever been invented can produce this peculiar blending of personality."

After her triumphant New York run of the Love Story of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning, Katherine Cornell took the play on the road. The night they were due to play in Seattle, the train was very late, but the audience which packed the theatre waited until after midnight for the play to start, stood cheering at a quarter of four when the final curtain was rung down. This is the kind of tribute people are eager to pay such a great actress.

Juanita

* "Pencil-Pusher"

Amid the hub-hub of an ordinary school day, round faced women students and others—clamored to vote for the Secretary of the A.W.S.S.C. Feb. 3. As a result of the election, competent Juanita Brown is the new "pencil-pusher" for the Association.

Wednesday of this week there was a meeting of the A.W.S.S.C. Many events were planned for the future. More information concerning these will be given later.

Play

* The Bronze Woman

As the sound of the plane which carries her "Prince Charming" away grows fainter and fainter, Millie, the heroine brings down the curtains in the final act of, **Bronze Women** whispering softly, "And there he goes—out of my life forever."

Bronze Woman was an original play by Rosemary Ducant and Eliot Lewis. The leading roles of Millie and Conrad were capably portrayed by Rosemary Ducant and Eliot Lewis.

The plot was very light, different from the majority of our radio plays. Instead of having the hero and heroine being happy ever after, they are parted, with all hopes of happiness taken away. It did not have an outstanding climax, but everything was well held together until the very end. The **Bronze Woman** was a show that left you wondering instead of happy at the outcome.

Eliot Lewis played the part of a strong-willed, ambitious, and justice-seeking man. He had no fears, and stopped at nothing to attain his end.

Rosemary Ducant portrayed the part of a girl who had held her ideal before her and when he did arrive he was unattainable. There were other characters who played their parts excellently—but had very minor roles.

Although very light, this radio play was very interesting entertainment.

On Trail

* Creampuffs Holiday

Every year about this time, the Hiking Club begins to make plans for their anniversary hike. Tentatively, they have set Sunday, February 22, as the big day. It has been traditional to have it as close to Washington's Birthday as possible. Hiya Cle wants it made known specifically that any and everyone is invited. Last year, one hundred ten attended; this year they expect many more. All those who have attended in the past are perfect examples to tell you of the wonderful time had by all.

This year, as last year, the club is planning to obtain the use of Edgewater Beach and Country Club on Bainbridge Island. Many alumni are expected.

Mary— * Somewhat Scared

For a brief sketch on one of the Homecoming Court, we have chosen naive, brown-haired with blue eyes Mary McCoy, Junior Princess.

Naturally thrilled and somewhat scared, Mary fairly danced with anticipation of the great event. A graduate of Immaculate, she likes best outdoor recreation such as skiing, skating, swimming, camping, and hiking. She is a sociology major spending her extra hours behind the bookstore counter or in the print shop.

Her outside activities include filling the post of Vice-presidency of the C. D. A. Alumni, and being a member of the Third Order of St. Francis. She also admits membership in the Hermit's Club and acts as Junior Hostess for the U. S. O.

Born in Seattle twenty years ago, Mary stands five feet four inches and will wear a sweet, very becoming old fashioned-style blue taffetta dress, tight-bodice and yards and yards of skirt.

Destroyer—

* Navy Blueblood Rules Men

"Under her blue-grey skin the blood coursed through miles of coiled steel veins, super-heated and under such pressure as to be almost a solid."

From the first statement in his book, "Delilah," Marcus Goodrich sets the pace for his characterization of the destroyer which is his central character. This pace speeds along through the two-part novel at such a rate as to leave the reader breathless. How Goodrich contrives to give "Delilah" such an interesting personality, how he makes her a living being with a keen prow, immeasurable power, and a dangerous hold on the lives of those within her is only one question. Another is how one man could know so much about the technical aspects of navy life and death and still find time to insert in his work discussions of fine literature, music, philosophy, religion, and ancient and modern history. The most puzzling of all is how he can do all this so well and still hold the thread of a gripping story.

"Delilah's" crew is a combination of contrasting types and the conflict of egos is intensified by the overpowering effect of the boat. The ship plunges over the seas of high adventure, carrying men and officers to their fates regardless of their wishes. And how the men react, indeed, how they must react to the situations provides the basis for the human side of the story of loud men, brave men, quiet men and cowardly men.

Although it was written and published long before December 7, the action takes place mainly about the pres-

New—

* Next Wednesday

Pagan lands, customs and religions will be the subjects of interest for those members of the Mission Committee, who will hold their initial meeting next Wednesday at 12:10.

Father Axer, Moderator of the club, himself was on his way to Mission work in China when the war intervened and he stopped off at Seattle College.

"We want all those who are truly interested in this type of organization to join our small group," friendly Father Axer remarked.

So all those who signed up at the Sodality meeting some time ago, or all those who would care to look in and see what the Club will be like, are asked to remember the date of the meeting, Wednesday, Feb. 11.

Girls— * Lack-a-daisically

Open letter to the A.W.S.S.C.

Girls, why don't all of you come to the A. W. S. S. C. meetings. After all, it is your organization . . . not the officers'. We just try to unite and help plan things that you will enjoy. How do we know what you want when you don't appear and give your suggestions and advice?

You complain that the same girls are always on committees. Why not come and get acquainted? We will be glad to put you on committees. Just tell us you are interested!

This is not meant for those who regularly attend (which is quite a number) and are so helpful, but rather for those who very lack-a-daisically pass up the meeting and saunter down to Pat's or over to the Cavern or some place else.

Become more united by coming to meetings and be what our name signifies . . . The Associated Women Students of Seattle College.

Sincerely,
(signed) Frances McGuire,
President, A.W.S.S.C.

Sugar

* Real Sweetheart

In the next week the Gavel Club will choose a real Sweetheart of the Campus as a special feature of their Valentine-Friday the 13th Mixer. To be picked on personality, charm and genuine sweetness, she will be the first sweetheart ever chosen at S. C.

STAFF

| | |
|--|-----------------------|
| Joan McHugh | Drama Critic |
| Nora Keavy | Drama Critic |
| Ted Mitchell | Music Critic |
| Dick Brinck | Music Critic |
| Florence Brown | Programs |
| Rosemary Bischoff | |
| | Music Critic |
| Joan Codiga | Style Critic |
| Catherine Mayer | Motion Picture Critic |
| Ethel Kleinsmith | Radio Critic |
| Frances McGuire, Mary Ellen Petrich, Pat Cramer, Kay McArdle, Tom Anderson, & Don Nelson | Clubs |

Talent? * Rolly Ellis and His Performers

On Wednesday evening, January 28, was held the third Music Night of a series in which Mu Sigma, the music honorary society, presents talented performers to musically interested students and friends. The program was opened by a selection by the men's quartet followed by a group of piano pieces by music professor Walter Aklin. The pieces were "The Sunken Cathedral" by Debussy; "Chromatic Fugue" by Bach and a "Waltz" by Brahms. Closing this first portion of the program was a solo by Sterling Miller; first bass and general utility man for the quartet. He sang "Deep River."

The second part of the program consisted of an amateur hour. Witty Master of Ceremonies Rolly Ellis, introduced each performer and supplied pertinent information supporting each performance.

Leading off was Betty Loggin who sang, "The Rosary." Using her contralto voice to fullest advantage, she gave a near perfect interpretation.

Next was cowboy singer Dick Dehart who gave the New Mexican version of Chattanooga Choo Choo." He accompanied himself on the guitar and was supported by some very able pattering on the piano by M. C. Ellis. Next on the program was Manuel Vera with his harmonica. He played "White Cliffs of Dover," "Concerto in B flat, and "Chattanooga Choo Choo."

The Ketchikan Kid had the crowd with him all the way. He beat out his own accompaniment with the toe of his shoe, interrupting once to plug the homecoming dance. Following Manuel came Clarinetist Warren Johnson and "The Song of India." Last on the program was Bill Moeller who arrived at the music room just as Warren Johnson finished his last solo. After being introduced by Mr. Ellis, Bill sat down at the piano and played "Stardust." He was enthusiastically encored, and played for his second number "Tea for Two." Bill won the prize (a one dollar bill) coming out three votes ahead of Betty Loggins.

Mozart—

* Brilliant Music

Seattle College music lovers and theatre-goers are bubbling in anticipation of the first Pacific Northwest "Mozart Festival" to be presented by the Seattle Symphony Orchestra under the direction of distinguished Sir Thomas Beecham, said to be the greatest living authority on Mozart. The Festival, based on the masterworks of Mozart opens with a matinee on Friday afternoon, February 13, at the Music Hall and closes with a spirited concert on March 3. The Operatic-Festival Concert to be given on Thursday evening, February 19, at the Civic Auditorium will be the most colorful and brilliant of all the performances given in Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and British Columbia.

In connection with this "Mozart Festival," tall, lean British-accented Basil Duan has staged, directed and produced a novel motion picture based on "Mozart." It is attracting world-wide acclaim for the manner in which it intrigues the general public. It gives a new interpretation of the loves and music of a real representative of the most dynamic composers in all music history!

Music

* Harmony In War

With our country at war, there is a need for a spiritual stimulant which is to help smooth these troubled and unsettled times. This feeling of strife has been quieted, only by the new importance of music — not just any music, but recognized music. Seattle has made genuine progress and advancement during this season since the arrival of Sir Thomas Beecham. Even though the eminent conductor has taken quite a fancy for untimely notoriety by interrupting his concerts to disquiet newspaper photographers, he has done much to make Seattle, Symphony conscious.

The appearance of John Barbirolli, the brilliant young conductor of the New York Philharmonic - Symphony Orchestra as guest conductor of the Seattle Symphony Orchestra on February 2 attracted music lovers to fill to capacity the Music Hall.

Of Interest To Many: The Metropolitan Opera Broadcast on January 24 honored the musical achievements of Seattle when they dedicated the entire performance to "Music in Seattle." Sir Thomas Beecham was the guest conductor for the concert in New York.

Over the Air Waves: In former years people walked out on the orchestra if they dared play anything classical. It was impossible to play a complete symphony or an all-Beethoven program. But in recent years, radio has so raised the general level of musical tastes that audiences now demand the great composers. It is not only an appreciative one, this radio audience. It is an exacting and critical one. Its opinions are impartial. This is no audience of bored dilettantes or tired experts; it is a vast assemblage of people who listen to music for no other reason than that they love it . . . the most rewarding and exalting audiences for which any orchestra could perform!

Spring—

* Lime-Green

Spring-like days are more than sending fashion-minded girls into a whirl of exciting, brilliant materials with patterns having about them a touch of style from old Mexico.

From the Fiesta comes the (Continued on Page 4)

Retiring— * In Swiss School

"In Switzerland, the school system is much different than here. They stress the practical side rather than an all round education." Mr. Walter Aklin's face flashed one of those surprise smiles that leave you wondering from whence it came and went so swiftly. And too, one feels the warmth of an unusual friendliness.

"Because the opportunities are not so great," he continued pursuing his lips thoughtfully, "the University students are what you would call snobbish—see what I mean? They come from well-to-do families and are more or less of an exclusive group. When one graduates from high school, he may either enter a trade school or shop in a chosen field of work in which case he becomes a highly specialized craftsman, enter the University or, as in my case, the Conservatory of Music at Zurich. Here too, the schools differ. In America, you may take up any study in the Universities. Only strict University subjects are taught in the University in Switzerland . . . no music . . . no trades. Here, the number of credits is small compared to the huge number required over there . . . you see, the Universities there do not run on a credit system as they do here. A student puts in his four years of work on one course and at the end, if his average isn't above a certain point, he automatically fails and is all through. No work may be repeated or made up. So, if you just play around in your classes, you are likely to pay for it by the loss of your degree in the end. Of a necessity, this produces skilled men, expert in their field. In music, a complete artist is turned out, master of his chosen instrument. Mr. Acklin specializes on piano and organ. He received higher than a Master's degree. As it was all in music, he had to make up credits in sociology, history and science when he came to America in 1925. He has taught here at Seattle College for six years."

Once again the bushy brows lifted and the stormy blue eyes radiated friendliness. We were sharply brought back to Seattle College classes by the hour bell. Finding ourselves with a fascinating talk on Switzerland instead of a personality interview of Mr. Acklin, Director of Music at Seattle College, we endeavored to remedy the situation with a few pointed questions. Abashed, Mr. Acklin at once withdrew and protesting that he devoted all his time to music, refused to talk further.

We graciously thanked him and quietly quizzed members of his classes. Seldom have we met with such uniform enthusiasm and admiration. Quoting Verna Paton, a Sophomore nursing major who enrolled in his classes for electives, "You never leave his class without taking with you a part of his warm personality so hidden behind those bushy eyebrows. He's always ready to take a joke . . . even about his hair . . . and is forever being led astray by his enthusiasm. He loses himself in his love for music . . . I think he still looks with awe on the works of the great masters. In class, every one of us feels a bond of understanding that increases with the weeks. Perhaps it is his quick boyish smile, his sincerity, or his entire informality. He expects us to leave class with an appreciation of music; in this he never fails. Just mention a popular orchestra trying to speed up the classics and pouf! All four walls and ceiling vibrate. Nothing so angers him or sends him on a rampage quicker."

Students, Mr. Acklin! Mr. Acklin, forgive us!

Bates Says:
(Continued from Page 2.)

lable in both names). I am not at all surprised. Miss K and I are forever differing. The good Father Carmody would allow such diversity, I think, due to the subjectivity of beauty. I insist, however, that T. T. and the whole Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo were infinitely more skillful in the ballets following their premier performance at the Music Hall. Miss Keavy was not present at those other performances, so I rather think I have her stumped.

RANDOM THOUGHTS: Mr. Edward Murrow, chief of the European Division of the Columbia Broadcasting System, spoke recently and told many humorous and many grim stories. Of paramount import, though, was his warning: Don't relax. The British, in their CD setup, rushed to help at the beginning of the war. When, after eight and a half months, no bombers had come, the CD organization began to irk people, then, and only then, did the Germans begin bombing, and to horrible advantage. We must organize effectively, and more important, according to this fine reporter... stay organized!... My personal thanks to the I. K. S. for their splendid help in our Homecoming plans. Their skating party was but a concrete example of the aid they have rendered a busy committee... Many and varied were the comments on last week's Spec. Although not all the opinions were favorable, still Editor LaLanne can rest assured that he has made Spectator history. The students are finally beginning to read more than the headlines... A sincere apology to Dr. Drill. His name was somehow twisted into Drin. The fault is my own because I read proof on my own column and missed the error.

DON'T FORGET to bring your friends, your folks, and those older brothers and sisters who graduated from S. C. down to the Open House tonight. The chairmen have worked hard and long to turn out an enjoyable evening and it would be a shame to waste their efforts.

Eulogies have always come hard to me. I find very few words that fit my feelings. I am confronted with that situation again this week. Two short weeks ago we all bade Bills Berridge and Pettinger Godspeed. Now, it is Bangor Bob Mahaney. The Mick is answering his country's call to the colors. There is not a man or woman at S. C. who doesn't respect and love the drawing Irishman. Being in some way responsible for Bob's appearance at the College, I feel doubly sad to see him leave after having made such a spirited start. That, however, is war. We accept it. Good luck, Bobby. S. C. will be proud of you, as it will of the others. And when this is all over, be the same pious, manly, likeable kid you are now.

MONSIGNOR FULTON J. SHEEN last Sunday, as always, spoke beautifully, effectively, piercingly. The noted speaker is giving a series of discourses on the general heading of "Peace." While we all listen to Hope with his half-smutty gags, to the month-old Hit Parade, how many of us can say that we listen to the Sunday afternoon Catholic Hour Program on KJR at 3 P. M. There is none better. Make it a must!

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The Student Observer
(Continued from Page 2)

with a feeling that one really OUGHT to encourage the Catholic Press and that they are mortifying the flesh and improving their balance in the celestial ledgers. One can, therefore, scarcely hope that falling away Catholics will discover in it the voice that spoke to Paul on the road to Damascus. And I am certain the voice had something more compelling to say than the date of the last Parish tea and the beauty of Miss McGillicuddy's swirling pink chiffon.

* * *

If
Too many cooks spoil the broth
If I were Hitler's I'd poison his froth.

* * *

Book Worms
The book drive to make book worms of soldiers found a different kind of worm last week. Not one book was turned in for the boys in camp. Every one thought every one else would bring books but not a discarded newspaper was thrown in the box. Give books. Make the soldier's life occupied. Don't forget what happened at Pearl Harbor. They're doing their part and your part too, so make them content with good reading material.

* * *

Superman
Reminiscing through my thoughts I can't help thinking what a neat job scarehaired Bill Bates is doing in his Publicity Department. There are a bushel of little things that I disagree on with Mr. Bates but it is the mountainous things on which I agree with him. When I look back on all the advertising he is rummaging for Homecoming I can't help pondering what a Superman job he is doing.

Windmill Tilter
(Continued from page Two)

Homer to Robert Frost will soon be relegated to the Quizz Kids.

Foyle Foiled
Those who do read books are frequently limited to the best-seller list. The mad knight, Don Quixote and his man-servant Sancho Panza will still be travelling the high roads of Spain when men have forgotten Anthony Adverse and Kitty Foyle.

There can be no comprehensive reading of everything printed today. Reading of good books is a matter of choice, which Reader's Digest or no other magazine can perform for the individual. It's a matter of horse-sense to prefer the great and more important to the secondary and trivial—in literature as well as in life.

Jim O'Brien

Seattle College Homecoming Ball
Civic Auditorium
Saturday, February 7, 1942
DANCING 9-12

SURPRISES !
PRIZES !
PRIZES !
COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

| | |
|---|------------------------------------|
| Super Committee: | Joan Sullivan, Jack Terhar, |
| Tony Buhr, Francis McGuire, Jeanne Paquin, Bob Lowden | |
| Publicity | Kay Smith, Dick Brinck |
| Entertainment | Virginia Marinoff, Bill Orland |
| Speaker | Stan Conroy, Ed Kohls Hall |
| Orchestra | Betty Gaffney, John Bulman |
| Patrons | Lee Clark, Ed Hardman |
| Invitations | Roscoe Balch, Eileen Mallon |
| Programs | Ann Baillargeon, Pat Schneider |
| Decorations | Nora Keavy, Jean Kennard |
| Tickets | Madeline Paquin, Mary Ellen Currid |
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| Advertising | Nan Standish |
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Ensign Returns Home
Returning for Homecoming Week is Seattle College graduate, Ensign R. A. Morrison U.S.N.R. who arrived this week from Corpus Christi, Texas. Morrison is staying with his family in this city.

Juniors Nervous
(Continued from Page 1)
other chapters. No date is set, as yet, the convention is anticipated this spring.

Visiting Provincial To Address Students
Visiting the Jesuits in Seattle at the present time is the very Reverend William G. Elliott S.J. provincial of the Oregon Province which includes Washington, Oregon, Montana and Idaho.

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IMPORTANT

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TOMORROW NIGHT FEB. 7

HOMECOMING BULLETIN
OPEN HOUSE
Friday, February 6
WILLIAM HAINES, LORRAYNE EISEN, General Chairmen

SCHEDULE
8:00 P. M. Benediction (Chapel)
8:15 P. M. Introduction by Chairman (Library)
8:20 P. M. Drama Guild Sketch (Library)
8:30 P. M. Songs by Glee Club (Library)
8:40 P. M. —Welcoming Address Rev. Francis Corkery, S. J. (Library)
8:45 P. M. Club Exhibits

COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN
Invitations Bob Lowden
Telephone Mary Ellen Beyer
Club Exhibits Mary Abernathy, Chuck Reed
Queens Court Nan Standish, Helen Brown
Benediction Bill Stapleton, Bill Powers, Bill Swart

WE ARE HONORED TO HAVE AS PATRONS
Earl Millikin
Mayor
Arnold Brown
Chief Deputy Assessor
Robert Morris
County Auditor
Louis J. Forbes
Undersheriff
Paul Revelle
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pettinger
Mr. R. R. Mitchell
Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Kiely
Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Petrich
Mrs. F. L. Manley
Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Bader
David Levine, City Council

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Coliseum Theatre
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Seattle College Homecoming Ball
Civic Auditorium
Saturday, February 7, 1942
DANCING 9-12

SURPRISES !
PRIZES !
PRIZES !
COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

| | |
|---|------------------------------------|
| Super Committee: | Joan Sullivan, Jack Terhar, |
| Tony Buhr, Francis McGuire, Jeanne Paquin, Bob Lowden | |
| Publicity | Kay Smith, Dick Brinck |
| Entertainment | Virginia Marinoff, Bill Orland |
| Speaker | Stan Conroy, Ed Kohls Hall |
| Orchestra | Betty Gaffney, John Bulman |
| Patrons | Lee Clark, Ed Hardman |
| Invitations | Roscoe Balch, Eileen Mallon |
| Programs | Ann Baillargeon, Pat Schneider |
| Decorations | Nora Keavy, Jean Kennard |
| Tickets | Madeline Paquin, Mary Ellen Currid |
| Prizes | Ronnie McHugh, Bud Feeley |
| Raffle | Helena Brown, Nan Standish |
| Advertising | Nan Standish |
| Chairman | Dwight Kramer |
| Co-Chairman | Bill Bates |
| | Mary Ellen Petrich |